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## HERR WILLY BURMESTER.

THE subject of our portrait this month is not only the youngest violinist of European celebrity, but also the greatest at this moment alive. He was born at Hamburg in 1869, studied for four years under Joachim at Berlin, and subsequently practised ten hours a day at Helsingfors in Finland. He first appeared in public at the age of seven. But it was not as a juvenile prodigy that he was destined to make his fame. His ambition as a boy was to master the works of Paganini, to play them, in fact, as they had never been played since the death of Paganini, and in his long seclusion at Helsingfors he devoted himself to probably the severest course of technical studentship to which a violinist has ever submitted. The well-meant homilies of Joachim, doubtless the outcome of conviction, young Burmester absorbed for four years and sought to act upon. But as time went on he perceived by the light of his own genius that the academical theories of even such pundits as Joachim might be pushed too far. "Only after I went to Finland and resumed my regular practising," says Burmester, "did I find myself again. Joachim will have all his pupils *replicas* of himself. He stereotypes their style." Striking out a line for himself, the young artist proceeded to acquire, by the earnest study of Paganini's most difficult works, a grasp of his instrument which has not been recently approached.

We repeat that Burmester is the greatest violinist alive, and we sincerely believe that he is the greatest *virtuoso* of modern times. It is not to be inferred because he has revived and played faultlessly pieces by Paganini which have hitherto proved the despair of his *confrères*, that Burmester prefers the music of Paganini to the greater music of Bach or Beethoven. As music, the works of Paganini occupy a very secondary position. But as examples of what can be done with a fiddle they stand alone, and the more advanced examples have generally been accorded an extremely wide berth. To suggest that these have been avoided by solo violinists because they were not the highest music would be to insult the intelligence of our readers. Soloists are not such purists as all that. Joachim himself is by no means averse from playing Tartini's *Trillo del Diavolo* and a certain "Hungarian Dance," both of which, while easy compared with Paganini, offer opportunities for display. But for either of these it would be absurd to claim any great merit as

purely musical compositions. There is absolutely no doubt that the reason why Paganini is generally (and very wisely) abstained from is traceable to the impotence of most contemporary performers to reproduce his music. And yet, forsooth, when Burmester came to this country, and, so to speak, created a new era in violin-playing, we were told by *The Daily Telegraph*\* that he "did not compliment English musical taste when, at his first appearance, he elected to recommend himself by playing selections from Paganini." We differ, and the public at large differs from this *dictum*. Possibly he did not "compliment" the "musical taste" of *The Daily Telegraph*'s musical critic. That we can readily understand; but a journal with which Mr. Joseph Bennett is generally associated as musical critic, has no business to speak in the name of "English musical taste." Continuing, the *D.T.* said: "The choice undoubtedly served his purpose, enabling him to win in a most easy way the applause of the crowd." The italics are our own. The quotation merits attention. Because it is, perhaps, the most amazing nonsense ever penned. It is much as though one were to describe a Senior Wranglership as "a most easy way" of securing applause among those interested in mathematical proficiency. If the highest applications of admitted methods—whether in fiddling or in mathematics—be most easy or even easy, then, the present writer is a Hebrew Jew.

The *D.T.*, in the same article, after stating that the *Adagio* from Spohr's 7th *Concerto* was "beautifully played," disclaimed "for the performer that his achievement had merit specially rare. Others—Lady Hallé, for example—could play it quite as well." Perhaps. We have frequently heard Lady Hallé play at the Monday Popular Concerts comparatively simple movements—such as Spohr's popular *Barcarolle* in G, which, as a lad at Eton, we ourselves used to murder with some success—and she always showed great delicacy and finish. But it was surely silly to drag her in, like King Charles's head, by way of comparison with Burmester. If, for Lady Hallé's, the name of Joachim had been substituted, the reference would have been more intelligible, if clumsy, as directed at a newcomer on his first appearance. Perhaps, after all, the *D.T.*'s scribe on this momentous occasion was our old friend Mr. Joseph Bennett, the lover of the respectably established, the hater of novelty, the wistful reactionary, and

\* In its notice of Herr Burmester's first concert, on May 6th, 1895.

the erudite critic who "did not compliment English musical taste" during the many years in which he sought with pathetic futility to decry Wagner!

We regret, with a qualified sort of regret, that we are not in a position to furnish any further "personal" details about Herr Burmester. We do not know if he rides a bicycle or not, or whether he has ever had the measles, and if so, how many. But we have told our readers the date of his birth, and by implication and otherwise placed on record our extraordinary admiration for his magnificent qualities as an executant and his charm as a musician.

P. R.

## CURRENT NOTES.

THE first performance this season of *Die Meistersinger* was a triumph, and we are not alone in regarding it as the best ever given in this country. Slowly but surely this amazingly beautiful opera is beginning to be appreciated, and Covent Garden was crowded in every part. With Jean de Reszke and Edouard de Reszke, as Walter and Hans Sachs, respectively; with M. Plançon as Pogner, and Mr. Bispham as the cunning and subtle Beckmesser, it needed only a capable singer in the part of Eva to secure a distinguished success. But when Eva's part was undertaken as it was by Mme. Eames, such a combination of talent may with propriety be described as phenomenal, and Sir Augustus Harris may be congratulated on having brought together the very choicest pick of European artists to do honour to the very choicest European opera.

*Die Meistersinger* was produced at Munich in 1868, and was first heard in London, in 1882, at Drury Lane, when it was conducted by Richter. Wagner knew, of course, that he had composed a masterpiece, but he never heard his work properly sung. How enchanted would he have been to listen to the brothers De Reszke and Mr. Bispham as exponents of his principal male characters! How delighted with the liquid notes of Mme. Eames as Eva! The guttural tones of the Germans would have thenceforth appeared as a nightmare! M. Plançon, again, as the dignified Pogner would have been a revelation. We cannot find words to express the intense pleasure which the performance gave us. The audience was most enthusiastic, and it was evident that in recent years enormous strides have been taken in musical appreciation by the public at large. The superb scoring, the wondrous interweaving of the delicious melodies,—contrived as only Wagner could contrive it—the almost superhuman absence of anything akin to monotony or dulness, exercised a mesmeric effect upon the listeners, who rapturously called for the artists and conductor (Signor Mancinelli) after each act.

THE night scene, in which Beckmesser endeavours to serenade Eva, is quite the finest situation of comic opera, and embodies the most dexterous, delicate, learned, and fascinating concerted music in the world. It is an immense compliment to Verdi to say that some of his beautiful *Falstaff* occurs to us as being worthy of mention in the same breath, though, naturally, after a considerable pause. The second act of *Die Meistersinger* is the greatest music ever penned, up to the present time, and, *pace* Mr. Joseph Bennett of *The Daily Telegraph*, as such it will always be regarded by musicians.

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THE last act is as though the heavens opened, and we were allowed a foretaste of the might and majesty of the Immortals. Here we have the Bayreuth Master *in excelsis*. He seems to have outdone himself and to have lavished in the very ardour of prodigality the material for three or four operas. But to Wagner there was no such thing as waste on the one hand or continence on the other. This demi-god wrote, calmly, continuously, naturally, as his genius inspired him. The sedate man knew no hurry, no perturbation, no mistrust. What, indeed, had he to dread? Certainly not the antagonism of fools. And into the last act of his masterpiece he put a wealth of beauty, of stupendous insight, and of technical subtlety that make it a monument of music, unapproached. In effect he says: "This is my third act; I give you this. Take it or leave it." And we accept it with a religious respect that amounts almost to adoration, as a very precious legacy.

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THE first performance of *Tannhäuser* this season took place on the 27th May, the French libretto being the one selected. With Mme. Eames, a very sympathetic Elizabeth, and Monsieur Alvarez, an ideal Tannhäuser, a very successful interpretation of Wagner's famous opera was given. Both were in excellent voice, and the pleasure of listening was no little enhanced by the quiet grace of Mme. Eames's Elizabeth and the forcible acting of Monsieur Alvarez. Admirable assistance was rendered by Signor Ancona (Wolfram), and M. Plançon (the Landgrave). Mention must also be made of Mme. Adini, who as Venus, sang with considerable ability. Signor Mancinelli conducted finely, and the orchestra gave a generally smooth performance. The opera was slightly curtailed, as were also the "waits" between the acts. This was the more welcome since the intervals have occasionally been unduly long, and especially so in the case of *La Favorita*.

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*La Traviata* was played on June 8th before a house which was stronger in numbers than in enthusiasm. Mme. Albani, however, sang very finely, and she was ably supported by

Signor Lucia and Signor Ancona. Signor Bevignani conducted with his usual care this typically Italian opera, which, though at one time a great favourite, seems to have seen its best days.

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ANYTHING more monstrous than the recent apprehension of M. Louis Pecska (the well-known Hungarian violinist) on a charge of attempted theft cannot well be conceived. We do not say that the police were to blame. In all the circumstances they may possibly have had no choice. But that a distinguished artist, a visitor, and one unfamiliar with our language should be haled before a magistrate at the instance of a semi-intoxicated American clerk who refused to state his employer's name (if any) must have given a considerable shock to others besides ourselves. The "prosecutor" on this occasion was severely censured by Mr. Hannay for the manner in which he misconducted himself in the witness box. Yet it was in this creature's power to insult and inconvenience a prominent musician! The man William Page, a clerk (whose?), living in Huddleston Road, Willesden Green, must be a rare treasure to his master, since, according to *The Daily Mail*, "Mr. Hannay said it was unnecessary to call witness for the defence. He (Mr. Hannay) did not think anyone could believe what the prosecutor had said." We, of THE LUTE, wish the man Page every joy of this magisterial pronouncement, which may have proved a lesson to him when, if ever, he regained his sobriety.

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ON June 1st Herr Fritz Masbach gave a very interesting piano recital at St. James's Hall. The programme was of varied scope, and embraced almost every style of music. The distinguished soloist was at his best in the selections from Schumann and Chopin. But such delicious morsels as Grieg's "Au Printemps" and Godard's "Guirlandes" he interpreted with consummate mastery and the nicest taste. The last-named piece was new to us, though perhaps it ought not to have been. Anyhow, "Guirlandes" is a beautiful example of the latest French style, which, when it is pleased to do so, can engraft upon classical methods the most ingenious and delicate subtleties of modern invention.

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THE violin recital modestly announced by Miss Beatrice Langley for June 10th at St. James's Hall proved to be a very much more than ordinarily interesting affair. Miss Langley was assisted by Mr. Frederick Dawson, as pianist, and by Mlle. Hélène L'Amy as solo vocalist. Mr. Frederick Dawson (whose portrait will shortly appear in THE LUTE) fully sustained the high reputation he has long since earned. Nothing more dexterous or musicianly could have been hoped for than his rendering of Chopin's "Polonaise Fantaisie," which,

with other selections, he played admirably. Mlle. L'Amy deserves commendation for having introduced songs which were the reverse of hackneyed. They were all in French, and while Bizet's "Adieu de l'Hôtesse Arabe" is tolerably well-known to a select circle of English Amateurs, the lovely and surprising "Aimons-nous" by Saint-Saëns is almost a novelty. Mlle. L'Amy sang the last-mentioned difficult number with great feeling and propriety. In addition, she showed that she knew how to use her good voice.

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THE violin solos by Miss Langley came upon us with some surprise. She has frequently appeared in public before, and is, indeed, one of the foremost violinists of her sex. Still, we were not prepared to hear such great playing as that with which she charmed her audience. It is unnecessary at this date to enlarge *seriatim* upon the superb manner in which she negotiated the thorny passages in items by Schubert, Wieniawski, Bach, Leclair, and Wilhelmj. But it may be admitted with every confidence that Miss Beatrice Langley is surpassed by very few British-born violinists. Her bowing, her manner of holding her instrument, her splendid carriage of herself while playing, are wondrously refreshing. With her there is none of that swaying of the body, or shakiness of the left elbow with which too many of her sex (and blind fiddlers) have familiarised us. Miss Langley stands up—we had almost said, like a man—to her work, and because she holds herself correctly she obtains results which more widely-puffed lady violinists can never hope to achieve. Her grand "position"—which is a thing that hardly any female violinists ever arrive at (being, apparently, for the most part, anxious to play showy music before they have learned how to stand, much less how to bow)—gives her a decided advantage. And upon it she has known how to improve. Always faultlessly in tune, even in the intricacies of "double-stopping" and the riskiest of "harmonics," Miss Langley performed a programme of most exacting music in an absolutely masterly way. Nothing better than her rendering of Wilhelmj's "In Memoriam" (dedicated to the memory of Vieuxtemps) could be desired.

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ON the afternoon of June 4th there was at the Albert Hall a Patti concert, which the *Pall Mall Gazette* described as "a brilliant social function." The same pleasant journal proceeded to add that it might "be permitted to grumble a little at the commonplace nature of the musical fare." Grumbling, we should have thought, ought hardly to be indulged in by those who wilfully attend a Patti Concert, whether in the fastnesses of Craig-y-nos, or the wilds of South Kensington. For ourselves, we graced another "brilliant social function" among the Eton Boys on the 4th of June: though, had we guessed that "Home, Sweet

"Home" was to be produced this side of Hammersmith, we might have made other arrangements.

We learn, from one of the constables on duty outside the building, that she sang it "a treat"; but it seems almost incredible that a favourite *primâ donna*, who has well earned the repose to which her talents have entitled her, should have taken the pains to study such a startlingly new song. When the ridiculously inadequate fees which she notoriously accepts are taken into consideration, one can only feel transported by her generosity. A smaller artist, one with less conscientiousness, might have been satisfied to furbish up some old song that she used to sing years ago. Not so our *Diva*. With the sublime independence of real genius and an almost Quixotic self-abnegation she preferred to give her audience something entirely fresh. So she elected to astound the world with an absolute novelty called "Home, Sweet Home," which had never before been performed in public!

In aid of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Mr. Daniel Mayer brought together a distinguished galaxy of talent for a concert at St. James's Hall on the afternoon of June 11th. Miss Ada Crossley, Mr. David Bispham, Mr. Philip, and Mlle. Camilla Laudi appeared as vocalists, and the instrumentalists were Mr. John Lemonné (flute), M. Johannes Wolff (violin), M. Marix Loevensohn (violoncello), and Mr. Mark Hambourg (pianoforte). All the above-named artists are so well known and their attainments are so generally acknowledged that a detailed criticism of their several performances is unnecessary. We were not, however, especially pleased by the violoncello solos of M. Loevensohn, whose bow seemed to need the application of a little rosin. A great feature of the concert was the introduction of no less than nine pieces (songs and instrumental solos) by Baron F. D'Erlanger. This gentleman is himself a brilliant pianist, though on this occasion he entrusted the interpretation of his works to other hands, and figured only occasionally as accompanist. His *Etude Concertante* for piano was finely rendered by Mr. Mark Hambourg, who throughout the entire proceedings played faultlessly, and it proved to be a difficult but interesting composition, in which the author showed not only his grasp of the instrument but a fund of classical musicianship. "Peine d'Amour" and "Envoi de Roses," by the same composer, are two unconventional songs, to which Mlle. Laudi did every justice. M. D'Erlanger's "Romance" and "Papillon" were fanciful and effective numbers for the flute, and Mr. Bispham achieved an artistic success in two English songs from the same gifted pen. Baron F. D'Erlanger is quite a young man, and the

influence of the best models is very apparent in his music. No doubt in later works he will give freer scope to his individuality. Having proved triumphantly that he has the technicalities at his fingers' ends, he may well proceed to a more vigorous assertion of himself.

We do not envy the mental condition of those who can find pleasure in listening to nigger minstrels and the like on race-courses or at riverside regattas. The songs sung, however objectionable in themselves originally, are rendered far more objectionable by the extraordinarily brutal character of the instrumental accompaniment ordinarily supplied. The Ascot or Henley vocalist has, perhaps, a not intolerable voice; but his efforts are in almost every case vitiated by a banjoist or guitarist who has only three chords in his education. Even the vulgarest music-hall songs have, now-a-days, an ambition, however futile, to avoid the completest commonplace; but the "vamper" is content to go on in his old sour way and ring in his three chords "whatever"—as the Scots say. The result is disastrous to all but the most callous of listeners. We have heard Mascagni's *Intermezzo* as a violin solo "accompanied" in this fashion, and every momentarily popular work, whether by Hunter or Humperdinck, is eagerly fastened upon by nomadic musicians. For our part we loathe the latter as a class, and, whenever we drive our drag to race-meetings, we invariably bestow our largesse upon stilt-walkers, acrobats, jugglers, and fortune-tellers, to the exclusion of those apologies for human beings who pretend to deal with music without the slightest notion of what the word means. Think of the trouble which a stilt-walker, an acrobat, a juggler, or a fortune-teller has taken to learn his profession! Think of the trouble which a race-course "musician" has shirked!

AFTER the crude harmonies of itinerant minstrels upon the course at Ascot, it was a vast relief to listen to the Royal Artillery Band which discoursed refined music behind the Grand Stand. In front, perspiring bookmakers shouted: "The field a pony!"—and so forth. But many intending wagerers were diverted from their unhallowed designs, and lured into the cool shade of the band's leafy environment. Even at race-meetings, certain people are fond of good music, and Cav. Zaverthal (who conducted in person) received numerous compliments from, and played several "extras" at the request of a fashionable and discriminating audience.

GLANCING down the front page of *The Daily Telegraph*, we notice the advertisements of some very queer songs. But none queerer than this: "If thou wert blind." The advertiser describes it as a "famous song." What particular advantage to anybody would accrue, were

the person addressed by the singer actually deprived of eyesight, it is difficult to conjecture. It is, of course, conceivable that a repulsive lover might desire to be invisible to his *inamorata*. But it is, surely, a gruesome thing to dwell, even in imagination, upon the possible occurrence of a physical calamity, and one might as well entitle a song: "If you were bald," "Hadst thou but lost an arm," "Were ye not vaccinated," "Didst thou but wear false teeth," or "If Pa were only deaf!"

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WAGNER's opera *Die Walküre*, which commences the trilogy of which *Siegfried* and *Götterdamerung* are the successors, was given to a house which, though not filled, was yet one thoroughly interested, on June 13th. At the outset it may be convenient to express our high opinion and hearty thanks to Signor Mancinelli for the care which had been expended and for the satisfactory manner in which the orchestra, under his skilfully-wielded *bâton*, acquitted itself, and we welcomed the increased number of strings which had been added. That in the last part of the opera a good deal had been cut out was, under the circumstances, to be expected, but the excision had been done with care and dexterity. It would be scarcely possible on a Saturday night to give an opera of this size in its entirety, even by commencing as we did at half-past seven, so long as the excessive waits between the acts are allowed to exist. All through the waits have been unduly long, and it seems not unreasonable to suggest that for the rest of the season these should be somewhat curtailed.

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We mourn not a little when Wagner's music is put to French or Italian words. In this case the former language was selected, but in our opinion the French version cannot compare with Wagner's original German to which Wagner's music was set. The love interest in Wagner's operas is of a stronger, rougher if you will, but still more heroic type than that pourtrayed in, for instance, Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette*, to which the French language is admirably adapted, while out of place in Wagner.

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With regard to the performers, reference should first be made to M. Alvarez, who as Siegmund gave a rendering of the part which it would be hard to find surpassed; throughout, as might be expected, he sang exceedingly well, and his conception of the character was extremely good. Mme. Lola Beeth has a very pleasant presence, and is an accomplished actress, but the part of Sieglinde was somewhat too trying for her singing capabilities, and the strain upon her voice was evidenced by the excessive—we had almost said constant—use of the *tremolo*. The personality, however, of this actress was so engaging that we should be glad again to see her fill the same rôle. The character of Brunnhilde was well sustained by

Mme. Mantelli, who, if her singing is at times somewhat harsh to the ear, is nevertheless such a hard-working and conscientious worker that she must needs be welcome. More than a word of credit must be given to the ladies who so well represented the other Valkyries, and the part of Fricka was done ample justice to by Mlle. Brazzi. The ring of fire which is to protect Brunnhilde during her long sleep (upon which scene the opera closes) was most effectively carried out, with so much realism, indeed, as to appear almost dangerous. As a whole, we must express our great satisfaction at having been present at a notable performance.

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THE season of the Philharmonic Society closed with a liberal programme, which included Beethoven's Piano Concerto in C minor (ably, if not strikingly well, played by Herr Reisenauer), Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto (undertaken with an unconvincing kind of virtuosity by M. Louis Pesczai), and Schubert's Symphony in C, to which the second part was devoted. Proceedings opened with the overture "The Ship o' the Fiend," which remains one of the most noteworthy among Mr. Hamish MacCunn's compositions. Mlle. Camilla Laudi was the vocalist of the evening. Sir Alexander Mackenzie conducted the fine band in his usual incomparable style.

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MADAME MELBA made her first reappearance this season at Covent Garden as the heroine in Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette*. The house was very full and she had the advantage of being associated with the brothers De Reszke. Juliette's is a favourite part with Madame Melba, and when she first came on the stage she received a cordial reception that she speedily proceeded to justify by her refined and bird-like singing. It is, however, high time that so distinguished a vocalist disengaged the silly practice of accepting elaborate "floral tributes," handed up from the orchestra, obviously without any reference to her artistic success. Everyone in the theatre knows that these fantastic and expensive "tributes" are furnished to *prime donne* by individual admirers, if not by the management itself, and, indeed, rumour has it that large baskets of flowers have occasionally been *hired for the evening!*

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MANY were attracted to Covent Garden on the 20th June to hear Madame Melba in Donizetti's florid *Lucia di Lammermoor*. She sang this tricky music with a purity, sweetness, and ease which could not be surpassed, especially notable being the "Quando rapita in Estasi," her share in the *finale* of Act II., and her mad song with flute accompaniment in Act III. In this latter she was more than ably seconded by the flautist (a fact which she was not slow to gracefully recognise), and no more

perfect combination of voice and instrument could have been desired. Signor Cremonini, as the unreasonable or unreasoning lover Edgardo, filled his part well, as did Signor Ancona as the boring Enrico. Madame Melba was recalled again and again.

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FLOTOW's *Marta* filled the bill on June 2nd, with Mlle. Marie Engle as Marta or Henrietta, Mme. Mantelli as her maid, M. Edouard De Reszke as Plumketto or Plunketto (which you will), and Signor Cremonini as Lionello. The spinning quartette in Act II. was good and heartily applauded, De Reszke showing considerable aptness in his management of the wheel. Mlle. Engel sang the familiar air, best known as "The Last Rose of Summer," with taste, and in the third act both De Reszke and Cremonini met with hearty recognition. It appeared that the opera was actually welcome to a not inconsiderable section of the audience.

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OUR readers will have heard with regret of the death of Mr. Lewis Thomas, who was for some time Editor of THE LUTE. Mr. Thomas died on June 13th at the age of seventy years. The fair city of Bath, which has produced so many musicians, was his birth-place. When a very young man he won a Vicar-Choralship at Worcester Cathedral, and in 1852 he came to London and made his first appearance in *The Messiah* under John Hullah. His superb bass voice instantly created a great impression, and thenceforth he was a prominent figure on the concert platform. He was recently pensioned by the Chapel Royal, where he had been in the choir for thirty-eight years. Mr. Thomas was, in his prime, supposed to be one of the best bass vocalists in Oratorio that we have ever had. In the latter part of his life he turned his attention to journalism, and among other papers wrote for *The Daily Telegraph* and the *Musical World*, then edited by Mr. J. W. Davison. His connection with THE LUTE lasted until the close of the year 1894.

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THE sudden death of Sir Augustus Harris caused a profound shock in theatrical and operatic circles. It is difficult at present to see how his loss can be replaced. There seems no one to step into his shoes. His career was a very remarkable one; he performed almost a miracle in restoring grand opera to its ancient prestige, and the vast number of different enterprises which he directed constituted him the Napoleon of entrepreneurs. Amid the engagements of a very busy life, he was always a kind and obliging man, singularly free from any trace of that self-importance too often to be met with among smaller managerial fry. He was a foremost Freemason, profusely hospitable, a first-rate linguist, a not inconsiderable musician, and something of a poet.

QUITE the best, in fact almost the only tolerable, part of *The Geisha* at Daly's Theatre is the music provided by Mr. Sydney Jones. Such light songs as "The amorous Goldfish" and the parrot song, which is well acted by Miss Letty Lind, are extremely clever in their way. But the entertainment is far too long. After sitting out two acts, each occupying an hour and a-half, we felt absolutely bed-ridden.—The music played during the entr'actes at the Garrick Theatre is very intelligently selected, and does credit to the conductor.—M. J. Jacobi, the famous conductor at the Alhambra, has been appointed Professor of Composition in Ballet and Light Music at the Royal College.

#### FROM THE AUDIENCE'S POINT OF VIEW.

No. 1. A CONCERT IN QUEEN'S HALL.

*Enter Late-comers.*

1st L.C.—We are just in time!

Door-keeper (*apologetically*).—Excuse me, but you must wait until this piece is over.

1st L.C.—I never heard of such a thing! (*Indignantly*) We have paid our money to hear the concert, and I insist on going in now.

Door-keeper (*firmly*).—After this piece.

1st L.C.—No; now!

2nd L.C. (*gently*).—Perhaps the man has his orders. It is not his fault probably, they make these arbitrary rules, and—

1st L.C.—Don't talk to me, Sir, they may make what rules they please, but I shall go in this instant, or I shall write to *The Times*.

3rd L.C. (*dryly*).—I think you will have to write to *The Times*.

(A titter among other L.C.'s.)

1st L.C.—Whether I go in or not, I shall expose this monstrous interference with the liberty of the subject. I am not here to stand outside a glass door, while I have a numbered seat in my hand. I'll teach these people to—

(Loud applause in the Concert Hall. The doors are immediately opened, and 1st L.C. is handed, muttering, to his seat. 2nd L.C. and 3rd L.C. proceed to take their allotted places.)

2nd L.C.—Who was that man who made so much fuss?

His Neighbour.—I have not the slightest idea.

3rd L.C. (*in another part of the hall*).—Who was that very important individual who created such a disturbance just now?

His Neighbour.—I do not know.

(The concert proceeds to its conclusion. The audience gradually disperses.)

2nd L.C. (*to Door-keeper*).—Good night!

Door-keeper.—Good night, Sir.

3rd L.C.—A fine concert! But, as a matter of curiosity I should like you to tell me, if you can, who the person was who was so anxious to assert his authority in the corridor?

*Door-keeper.*—Well, Sir, I have seen him before, but not often. He has come once or twice as deputy for the musical critic of *Funny Snips*—don't you know the paper? Oh! I thought it was what they call a Power. Anyhow (*confidentially*) we don't take much notice of him!

#### DOINGS IN THE PROVINCES, &c.

\* \* \* Correspondents are implored to write distinctly, especially proper names, and on one side of the paper only.

GLASGOW.—The musical season here is practically over for some two months. Dr. Peace has just finished the first half of his organ recitals in the Cathedral, which were largely attended and much appreciated (the other half will be given in August). The Doctor introduced a new Sonata da Camera, No. 3 (G minor) for the first time. The noble building, the grand music, and the "dim religious light" stealing through the beautifully stained windows afforded a treat that few would willingly miss.

THE GROVE STREET SCHOOL CHOIR, under Mr. D. D. Brough, gave a capital rendering of the cantata *Golden Hair and the Three Bears*, in the Queen's Rooms. The hall was crowded, and the children sang with intelligence and precision. In the Berkeley Hall the Free Church Normal School (Mr. Jas. Gallie conductor), gave T. Facer's operetta *Red Riding Hood's Reception*. The attacks were clear and decided, the tone good, and the soloists quite up to their parts. A string orchestra in both instances rendered good assistance. The children attending S. Barnabas Episcopal Church performed the cantata *Queen Revel*. It was funny to hear two little mites of four or five years of age singing as a duet "Where are you going to, my pretty Maid?" They were so very serious. Mr. F. W. Larter conducted, and there was a large attendance.

We are often accused of being under "grandmotherly legislation" as regards municipal affairs, but when it takes the form of "Music in the Parks" we have nothing to complain of. We have a dozen places, parks, and squares where a couple of hours of music is performed several nights a week. Crowds of people attend on these occasions. The music provided includes that furnished by our best Volunteer Bands, the Royal Engineers' Band (Mr. W. H. Cole conductor), the Gordon Highlanders from the barracks, the band of H.M.S. *Empress*, and, as a novelty, a male voice choir (some 24 voices) under Mr. W. McKinnon, assisted by a select orchestra. This is not bad for a city that is supposed to care more for money than music.

\* \*

On Thursday, June 4th, the Haresfoot Ladies' Band gave their annual concert in the Berkhamsted Town Hall, in aid of the West Herts Infirmary and the Berkhamsted Nursing

Association. Among the orchestral numbers especial mention may be made of the overture to *Raymond* (Thomas), and the *Allegro di Bravura* from Mr. Edward German's "Gypsy Suite," which was performed by the kind permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co. The band showed a marked improvement in attack and readiness, and it is confidently anticipated that under the careful guidance of the conductor, Miss Janet Tatham, a even greater measure of success may be achieved in the future. The soloists were Miss Maude Ballard, A.G.S.M.—who possesses a charming soprano voice, which she used to great effect in her songs "Dear Heart" and "Sunshine and Rain"—Miss May Coleman, Mr. Parry Bright, and Mr. Finlay. Miss Coleman and Mr. Bright are, we learn, just starting in their professional career. We wish them every possible success. A word of cordial appreciation is due to the solo violoncellist, Miss Taylor.

\* \* \*

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—During the past month the local Presbyterians, who are rapidly waking up to the need for good music in their services, have had two organs opened. In St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, South Shields, Mr. Jas. M. Preston opened a new "Hope-Jones." Much interest was manifested among the organists, this being the first instrument fitted with the electric system to make its appearance in the district. The organ, however, is a very small specimen of the work of this firm. It is a matter for regret that in other places of worship in the neighbourhood, where the money could be well afforded and the system of great convenience, instruments of a more antiquated type have been introduced in preference to the latest development—an aspect of conservatism which by no means commends itself to progressive organists.

In the handsome new Presbyterian Church, Heaton, a rapidly rising and populous suburb of Newcastle, a serviceable organ of 23 stops was opened by Mr. John Murray on the 16th June. The congregation is large but not wealthy, consisting mainly of the middle and working classes who are actively aggressive and heartily musical. The organ was brought from Sunderland Parish Church, entirely re-built, and with additions (by Newman of Sunderland) which included pneumatic action to swell and pedal organs, and thumb pistons for working combinations. Mr. Murray's programme comprised "Intro. and Variations on *Adeste Fideles*" (Hunt), "Grand Offertoire in D" (Batiste), "Grande Fantasie in E minor," by the late Chevalier Lemmens ("The Storm"), and "March on Theme of Handel" (Guilmant). The choir, numbering 30 voices, sang anthems, and solos were contributed by Mrs. Hickman and Mr. James Hood.

On Tuesday, June 2nd, the Choral Society, connected with the Durham College of Science conducted by Mr. Terry, one of the College

professors, gave a musical evening. The choir is badly balanced, the lack of male voices being painfully apparent. They were honoured with the presence of Sir John Stainer. Miss Margaret Gray and Miss H. M. Stevenson were vocal soloists, and Mr. J. M. Preston presided at the pianoforte.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DARLING MINE.—(1.) You win your bet. Mme. Patti did sing a song called "Darling Mine" in public. We fancy it was at the Albert Hall. (2.) The composer was Mr. Louis Engel, for sometime musical critic of *The World*.

TURFITE.—Lady Hallé is a very useful mare. We generally put a trifle on her s.p. in T.Y.C. selling plates.

PEEBLES.—Yes; we can quite understand that a man of your stature does not require a footstool. But in French theatres the suggestion of a "petit banc" is one of the customs of the country. If you could have made the old lady at the Opéra Comique comprehend that you were a Scotchman, you might easily have saved your half franc.

PUZZLED.—The reason why the foremost vocalists ordinarily repeat the same songs *ad nauseam* is difficult to give. It cannot be entirely traceable to laziness. But whereas the management in a theatrical performance dictates the rôles which are to be undertaken by the artists, these latter in a musical performance generally select their own music. And it is not in human nature that a vocalist, who, since he was a child, has successfully warbled, "Father, kick me in my dreams," should care to chance his reputation by replacing that immortal ditty with such a risky novelty as, say, "Mother, bolt the wash-house door." The British vocalist is eminently conservative.

A SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.—The best daily newspaper as regards musical criticism is unquestionably *The Morning Post*. From an academic point of view *The Times* is also most able and sound. While we blush in accepting the handsome tribute which you pay to THE LUTE, we coyly admit that our remarks may frequently serve as a valuable monthly corrective, amid the mass of less reliable information.

METHUSELAH.—There is no limit. A woman is as young as she looks, a man is as young as he feels, and a vocalist—well, vocalists are immortal.

DAIRYMAN.—Authorities are by no means unanimous as to what was the tune which "the old cow died of." Some think it was the "Carnaval de Venise" with variations, while others lay the animal's death at the door of "In the gloaming, O my darling." There are, also, several pianoforte pieces by the lamented Abbé Liszt, to which it would be in the highest degree unwise to expose a cow, if at all ailing.

#### ACROSTIC PRIZE.

Competitors are invited to send in solutions marked "Acrostic" on the envelope, and addressed to the Editor of THE LUTE to reach 44, Great Marlborough Street, not later than the first post on the 20th of the month in which each acrostic appears. At the end of the year a prize will be given to such solver as has successfully guessed the greatest number of acrostics, and in the event of a "tie" either the prize will be divided, or these "tying" will be invited to guess of their "ties" in special acrostics at the discretion of the Editor. Every competitor should employ an assumed name, and only divulge his (or her) real one on learning that he (or she) has gained the prize. The assumed names of the successful solvers will be published monthly.

#### DOUBLE ACROSTIC FOR JUNE.

O come into the "Garden," dear,  
And lovely music you shall hear.

1. Abroad all admiration's fit;  
At home, I'll not "remember" it.
2. Birds and "the Spirits" strike on wood;  
But half a "pinch" is just as good.
3. "Monkeys their masters copy"; but  
It's all in vain they pose and strut.
4. Comparatively, Mars is this,  
Close but not miserly, I wis.
5. Smother your heroines, I say!  
Women are changed since Shakespeare's day.

#### SOLUTION.



1. G r o t t o
2. R a P
3. A p E
4. N e a R
5. D esdemona A

*Notes.*—The "Garden" = Covent Garden, just as "The Lane" = Drury Lane. 1. "Please to remember the grotto," a begging request made by children who have built a castle of oyster shells. 2. Woodpeckers, like the visitors at spiritualist *séances*, rap on wood! "Rap" is half the word "Rappée," a well-known snuff. 4. Mars is nearer to the Earth than any other planet. "Near" also signifies mean, close-fisted, especially in Scotland. 5. Desdemona was smothered by Othello. The Acrostician does not evidently admire the heroines in some recent fiction, or possibly the female bicyclist annoys him.

#### DOUBLE ACROSTIC FOR JULY.

Two charming "kids." Whoso the names of these  
Will first place in our hands 'll greatly please.

1. A present participle that  
Is found with shame, and dog, and cat.
2. 'Tis what we want if it be right;  
If wrong of course it's useless quite.
3. What will you drink? Naught comes amiss;  
Don't hesitate; give it a—this!
4. To win I'm favourite, a strong 'un,  
You're, if on "Perfume," on a wrong 'un.
5. A member for this member, I  
Remember, there was once a fly.
6. O friends, be this above all things,  
And to yourselves, if not to kings!

Correct answers to the June Acrostic have been received from: "Tommy Atkins," "Little Blue-Eye," "Parrot," "Kruger," "Slump," "Dr. Jim," "Ferret," "Saucy," and "Old Windsor."

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters connected with the literary department of this Journal must be addressed to the EDITOR, 44, Great Marlborough Street, W.

Communications intended for insertion will receive no notice unless accompanied by the name and address of the sender.

The Editor cannot undertake to return articles of which he is unable to make use, unless stamps are enclosed.

All business letters should be addressed to the PUBLISHERS.

Advertisements should reach the Office of the PUBLISHERS, 44, Great Marlborough Street, W., not later than the 20th in order to insure insertion in the issue of the month current.

"LUTE". N° 163.

Also published separately. PRICE 3d

# "EVERY GOOD GIFT."

Harvest Anthem.

Texts from ISAIAH & ST JAMES, 1.17.  
Words by FLORENCE HOARE.

ALBERT W. KETÈLBÉY.

LONDON:  
PATEY & WILLIS, 44, GT MARLBOROUGH ST, W.

*Moderato express.*

ORGAN.

*p*

*p*

Sop Solo. (or all Sopranos in unison)

Ev - ery good gift and

ev - ery per - fect gift

Ev - ery good gift and

ev - ery per - fect gift is from A - bove is from A -

Tenor Solo.

bove And com - eth down and com - eth down and com - eth down

Soprano.

Soprano. *molto express.*

from the Fa - ther of — Light, — Ev - ery good

Tenor.

*p*

*Solo*

*p*

gift and ev - ery per - fect gift. — Ev - ery good gift and

gift — and ev - ery per - fect gift. — Ev - ery good gift and

ev - ery per - fect gift is from A - bove is from A - bove

ev - ery per - fect gift is from A - bove is from A - bove

Full.

*pp*

and com - eth down from the Fa - ther from the Fa -

and com - eth down from the Fa - ther from the Fa -

and com - eth down from the Fa - ther from the Fa -

and com - eth down from the Fa - ther from the Fa -

*pp Sw. (with reeds)*

- ther of Light. —

*Grazioso.**Sw. mf*Quartett or Semi Chorus.  
*Joyously.**Ped*

Lift up your eyes on high, — Lift up your eyes on high, — And be-

Lift up your eyes on high, — And be-

Lift up your eyes on high, — And be-

Lift up your eyes on high, — And be-

*Full Sw.*

- hold who hath cre - a - ted these things, who hath cre -  
 - hold who hath cre - a - ted these things, who hath cre -  
 - hold who hath cre - a - ted these things, who hath cre -  
 - hold who hath cre - a - ted these things, who hath cre -

- a - ted who hath cre - a - ted who hath cre - a - ted  
 - a - ted who hath cre - a - ted who hath cre - a - ted  
 - a - ted who hath cre - a - ted who hath cre - a -  
 - a - ted who hath cre - a - ted who hath cre - a - ted

Fall.

These things. They that wait up - on the  
 These things. They that wait up - on the  
 - ted These things. They that wait up - on the  
 These things. They that wait up - on the

Lord. Shall re - new their strengthe - new their  
 Lord. Shall re - new their strengthe - new their  
 Lord. Shall re - new their strengthe - new their  
 Lord. Shall re - new their strengthe - new their  
 strength.

*ff* Those that wait up - on the  
 strength. *ff* Those that wait up - on the  
 strength. *ff* Those that wait up - on the  
 strength. *ff* Those that wait up - on the  
 strength.

*rall.*  
 Lord shall re - new their *rall.* strength.  
 Lord shall re - new their *rall.* strength.  
 Lord shall re - new their *rall.* strength.  
 Lord shall re - new their *rall.* strength.

HARVEST HYMN.

Words by Florence Hoare.

SOPRANO.

*Well marked.*

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

God with plen\_ty fills the hours, — Clothes the land with  
Faith ful is His word for ev er, Thro' suc\_ces\_siveGod with plen\_ty fills the hours, — Clothes the land with  
Faith ful is His word for ev er, Thro' suc\_ces\_siveGod with plen\_ty fills the hours, — Clothes the land with  
Faith ful is His word for ev er, Thro' suc\_ces\_siveGod with plen\_ty fills the hours, — Clothes the land with  
Faithful is His word for ev er, Thro' suc\_ces\_sivever\_dure gay, Gold\_en corn and fruit and flowers, Are His gracious gifts to-day,  
a ges flown, Seed and har\_vest fail\_eth ne\_ver "He is mind ful of His own"ver\_dure gay, Gold\_en corn and fruit and flowers, Are His gracious gifts to-day,  
a ges flown, Seed and har\_vest fail\_eth ne\_ver "He is mind ful of His own"ver\_dure gay, Gold\_en corn and fruit and flowers, Are His gracious gifts to-day,  
a ges flown, Seed and har\_vest fail\_eth ne\_ver "He is mind ful of His own"ver\_dure gay, Gold\_en corn and fruit and flowers, Are His gracious gifts to-day,  
a ges flown, Seed and har\_vest fail\_eth ne\_ver "He is mind ful of His own"

CHORUS

Are His gracious gifts to-day, Sing His praises,  
 "He is mindful of His own" Sing His praises,

Are His gracious gifts to-day, Sing His praises,  
 "He is mindful of His own" Sing His praises,

Are His gracious gifts to-day Are His gracious gifts to-day, Sing His praises,  
 "He is mindful of His own" "He is mindful of His own" Sing His praises,

Are His gracious gifts to-day Are His gracious gifts to-day, Sing His praises,  
 "He is mindful of His own" "He is mindful of His own" Sing His praises,

Sing His praises Loudly now your homage pay.—  
 Sing His praises Wondrous in His works a lone.

Sing His praises Loudly now your homage pay.—  
 Sing His praises Wondrous in His works a lone.

Sing His praises Loudly now your homage pay.—  
 Sing His praises Wondrous in His works a lone.

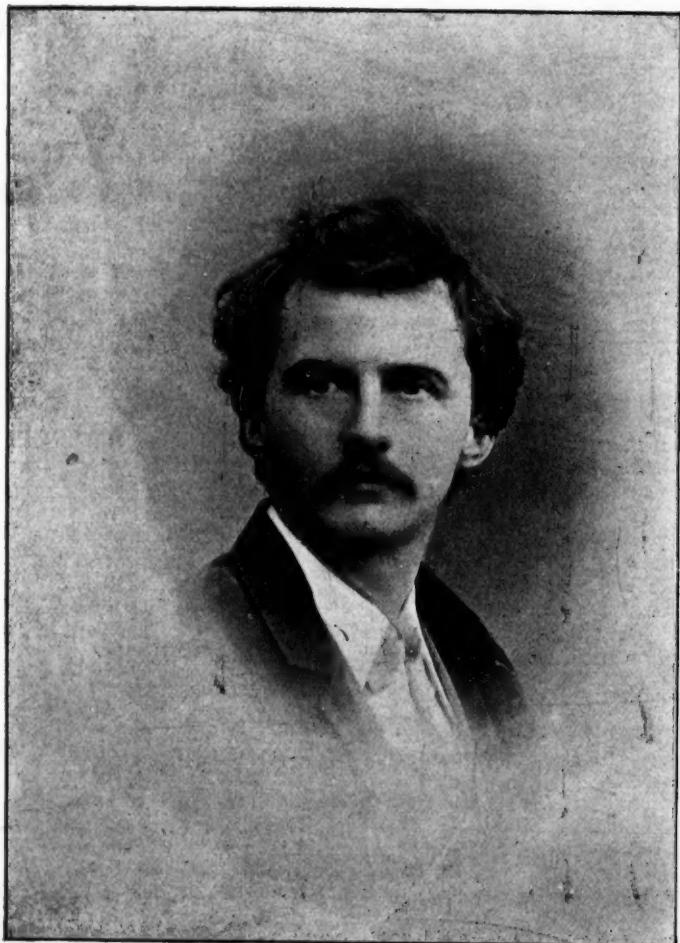
*Majestically*

## CHORALE.

Praise ye the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, — Al - le -  
 Praise ye the Lord, — praisetheLord, praise the Lord, — Al - le -  
 Praise ye the Lord, — praisetheLord, praise the Lord, — Al - le -  
 Praise — the Lord, — Praise ye the Lord, Praise the Lord Al - le -  
 lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! ia.  
 lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! ia.  
 lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! ia.  
 lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia. Praise ye the Lord — lu - ia  
 1. 2.  
*semperff* *molto rit.*  
 Praiseye the Lord — Praiseyethe Lord — Al - le - lu - ia A - men  
 Praiseye the Lord — Praiseyethe Lord — Al - le - lu - ia A - men  
 Praiseye the Lord — Praiseyethe Lord — Al - le - lu - ia A - men  
 Praiseye the Lord — Praiseye the Lord — Al - le - lu - ia A - men  
*semperff* *molto rit.*



WILLOWAY 7014674 M



MR. FREDERICK DAWSON.